

## GOSSIP OF CURRENT EVENTS IN EDUCATIONAL CIRCLES

POSSIBLY not a single one of the thousands of civil war veterans who will be in the city this week is prouder of his position than the hundred or more High School Cadets who have been appointed by Mr. M. I. Weller, chairman of the public comfort committee, to look after the welfare of the veterans and show them the points of interest about Washington. The cadets have been selected as guides on account of their knowledge of the city and their politeness.

Each member of the corps will be provided with a distinctive badge of red ribbon lettered in gold. The young men have been called together and given their instructions and will start tomorrow morning on their new work. They will be under the immediate charge of Mr. Percy M. Hughes, director of the Washington High Schools.

## Cadets to Act as Guides.

The cadets will receive adequate compensation for their labors. Those chosen to act as guides are:

Central High School—S. F. Jones, E. C. Kinnear, J. S. Powers, P. Lesh, H. Henry, C. F. Burton, J. Archibald, A. C. Agnew, R. Quick, W. A. Mason, A. E. West, A. Hendley, H. M. Roach, F. C. Wallace, L. McCathran, F. M. Chase, H. Wilson, H. Rockwell Pike, F. R. French, F. E. Hand, N. Klopfer, and W. W. Johnson.

Business High School—F. B. Titus, S. W. Miller, W. M. Weston, J. W. Anderson, H. K. Schofield, W. L. Crane, F. G. Whitney, O. W. Birchard, B. A. Bowles, G. W. Holland, C. A. Shannon, D. W. Fisher, C. E. Cole, C. A. Brooks, A. A. Ryan, J. W. Manning, G. N. VanSant, C. C. Beckett, Cunningham, and R. W. Pullman.

Eastern High School—F. A. Turner, K. M. Block, G. W. Swift, C. D. Porch, C. G. Van Emon, H. E. Simons, W. D. Tewksbury, R. W. Hynson, C. E. Carpenter, H. C. Dunbar, R. W. Bone, J. F. Robbins, J. W. Berry, F. H. Luthicum, G. S. Luckett.

M Street High School—F. Thyson, L. Goines, D. Edmonds, A. Morton, J. Smith, H. Francis, F. Child, and Western High School—John Stokes, H. Hayden, E. Hulse, W. Roach, C. Rittenhouse, J. Rhodes, C. Clarke, H. Dunlap, J. Reynolds, W. Hawley, W. Furbenton, K. Upton, J. Kirby, W. Taylor, E. Ball.

McKinley Manual Training School—A. M. Daniels, R. Von Bayer, C. H. Butman, P. L. Carroll, G. L. Schultz, F. O. Lietzel, H. G. Huddleston, M. Clarke, J. G. Mathers, E. H. Culbertson, W. B. Sullivan, George Thompson, J. M. Englund, G. Jenkins, W. A. Oleson, W. A. Robertson, J. J. Crowe.

General Armstrong Manual Training School—Morris Dodson, James Powell, Jesse Gardner.

## Football the Prime Sport.

Nothing is being talked of so much among the pupils of the high schools as football. Everyone is interested in the game, the girls as well as the boys. Each of the schools will have a football team this year, and it is said that they will all comprise good players.

At Central, Christopher Cox has been elected captain of the football team. Central says she is going to have the championship team of the high schools this year. It is true they have a lot of good material to work with, but so have the other schools, and, unless Central does a lot of practicing, she will have to take her chances at defeat.

Among the Central candidates are several of last year's men—Magoffin, Johnson, Kipp, Snow, and Cox. All played football last year, and are counted as good men. A. Tinsell, one of the best-known young athletes in the city, will coach Central's team.

## Work Progressing Well.

The school work at Technical, which is the popular name for the Manual Training School, is progressing favorably. The boys who have already had experience in shop practice are engaged in putting in the machinery used by them for instruction. This practical work, it is thought, will give the boys more training and better knowledge of machinery than anything else they could do.

Miss Carrie R. Bittling, who is the clerk in the office of the Manual Training School, is seriously ill at her home, suffering from typhoid fever. Miss Madge E. Yeager, a former business pupil, is filling the duties of clerk in her absence.

## At the Business High School.

The pupils at the Business have settled down to their labors with as much assurance and determination to succeed as though they had been at the work for months instead of two short weeks.

The embryo lawyers, court reporters and business men have already settled down to work, and if a stranger were to walk into the building and not know it

was a school he would think that he had entered the general offices of some big corporation. Everyone is busy, but orderly. Pupils can be seen banging away on typewriters, while others are taking shorthand dictation. And the dictation is not of the haphazard sort, but is of the kind which tends to train the mind of the student in business channels. As the stranger goes upstairs he finds young men and women arguing cases at law, and still further, on the top floor, he finds the banking and bookkeeping departments. Here perhaps is the busiest portion of the building. The students are seen running from one room to another transacting banking business or buying shares of stock on "change." True to life, oaks of the screen in the banking room can be seen a score or more bookkeepers handling the accounts of the bank, counting money and executing other duties familiar to a banking establishment.

## Athletics Popular.

Without interfering with their business pursuits in any way, the boys indulge freely in athletics, and not only do they find the time to enter the field, but they are developing the grit and stick-to-itiveness to win the championship. In the baseball field last year they captured the championship, and while they did not get the football pennant they gave the winners a good tussle. This year they say things will be reversed in football, and that the other schools will give the Business boys a hard tussle.

but that they will prove themselves the better players by capturing all honors.

## College Season Open.

A week ago yesterday the college football season opened with two games in this city. Georgetown and the Maryland Agricultural College contested for supremacy, while Columbian University entertained the squad from Western Maryland.

As was expected, the Marylanders proved easy for the Georgetown lads. That the wearers of the Blue and Gray would win seemed to have been a foregone conclusion. After boring through the farmers' lines, smashing their center, and making sensational end runs, the Blue and Gray lads were finally called off.

They had scored five touchdowns and kicked two goals, making their total score 27 points, while the visitors had nothing to show for their work.

The weight, generalship, and all-round knowledge of the game were all in the locals' favor. They averaged twenty pounds more weight, and they threw this tremendous weight against the lads from Maryland.

The visitors not only failed to score, but at no time did they have the ball in Georgetown's territory.

The visitors were up against a hard proposition. It is not known whether they expected to be snowed under as bad as they were, but they could not

have expected to make any better showing against Georgetown. The visitors despite it all played a plucky game. The sun was beaming down on the players, and they perspired freely. Owing to the warm weather and the softness of the field two very short halves were played. The first lasted for fifteen minutes, and the second was cut to ten minutes. During these short halves Coach Suter, of the Georgetown eleven,

played almost every one of his candidates, and gave them a taste of real football. Referee M. J. Thompson, who handled the whistle, kept the players moving. It was an exceptionally fast game.

On several occasions the local lads were penalized for off-side plays. They seemed too anxious to get the ball from their opponents, and started before it was snapped. For their overzealous-

MR. W. H. FOLEY.



Y. M. C. A. Athletic Park.

ness they lost five yards each time the offense was committed, and the visitors were given just that much more encouragement.

## Battle Array.

The line-up was as follows: Georgetown—McGittigan and Morse, left end; Russell and Thompson, left tackle; Kerns, left guard; Givens and Fitzpatrick, center; Rourke and Mahoney, right guard; Joe Seltz, right tackle; Owens, Edmonston, and Morris, right end; Buckley, Stevenson and P. Edmonston, quarterbacks; Carver and Hayden, left half; Reiley and Hart, right halfback; Sam Edmonston and Graham, fullback.

M. A. C.—Stoll and Dugoune, left end; Naylor, left tackle; Webster, left guard; Pooler, center; Mitchell, right guard; Dunbar, right tackle; Smith, right end; Matthews, quarterback; Markey, left halfback; Bradford and Brown, right halfback; Watts, fullback.

Score—Georgetown, 27; M. A. C., 0. Touchdowns—Reiley, 4; Carver, 1. Goals—S. Edmonston and Mahoney, Ref-

eree—M. J. Thompson. Umpire—Moran. Timekeepers—Cox and Richardson. Linesmen—Page and Hanretty. Time of halves—15 and 10 minutes.

Never before have so many candidates turned out to secure positions on the varsity team. There are about forty men fighting for positions. It will be a hard matter for the coaches to pick the best. The material, from point of weight and strength, is the best Georgetown has ever had. The center weighs 210 pounds, and two of the ends tip the beam at about 190. This year's team will be the heaviest and probably the fastest that ever wore the blue and gray sweaters.

The football schedule of Georgetown was published several days ago, and the lovers of the game were much disappointed at not finding the University of Virginia team on the list this season. Heretofore this has been the star contest of the year. Athletic relations were broken off between the two shortly after the Georgetown-Virginia game last year, when the Southerners were defeated for the championship by a score of 17 to 16. Georgetown won out in the last fifteen seconds of play.

## Columbian Wins Victory.

The game between Columbian University and Western Maryland College, September 27, resulted in a score of 5 to 0 in favor of the local eleven.

It was the first game in which the locals have indulged, and it was with doubts as to their winning that they took the field. The moment the first crash came, however, they knew that they would have some hard playing to do if they wanted to win.

This is only the second year that Columbian has taken a deep interest in athletics. Last season the boys formed an athletic association and organized a baseball team. For the little practice they have had, Columbian played a remarkably good game. If they keep the good work up, by the time the end of the year has rolled around they will make a formidable foe for some of the bigger elevens.

Church was the star of the game with

Western Maryland. It was he who made the gains for Columbian, and the single touchdown.

The Western Maryland lads had the kick-off. They put the ball on the thirty-five-yard line. Mackler got it on the fly and forced the ball back five yards. From then on the Columbian boys steadily forged ahead until they had reached the twenty-five-yard mark, in Maryland's territory. When the latter secured the leather, Brown, their fullback, returned it to Columbian's twenty-five-yard line.

Church got the leather under his arm, and before the college boys knew it he was chasing down the sidelines toward their goal. He was downed on their twenty-five-yard line. Musgrave then handled the ball and pressed forward to within two feet of the goal line.

At a signal Church again secured the leather, and was sent over the line for a touchdown.

The remaining time of the first half was in favor of the Marylanders, but it was too short for them to take an advantage.

## Second Half.

The second half lasted but seven minutes, the visitors being obliged to catch a train for home.

The half was in their favor. When the whistle blew the ball was on Columbian's forty-five-yard line. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

Columbian. Maryland.  
Cowan.....center.....Cooling  
Helme.....right guard.....White  
Kelly.....left guard.....Clough  
Eddy.....right tackle.....Smith  
Catts.....left tackle.....Roberts  
Sneed.....right end.....Simpson  
Musgrave.....left end.....Henry  
Leach.....quarterback.....Treadway  
Church.....right half.....Hurley  
McLennan.....left half.....Tarr  
Mackler.....fullback.....Brown

Score—Columbian, 5; Maryland 0. Referee—Prof. C. A. Holton. Timers—R. F. LeMaitt and Mr. Gass. Linesmen—Holt and Peters. Umpire—Mr. Peterson. Time of halves—15 and 7 minutes.

## ROBERT EMMET, NATURE'S NOBLEMAN BY BRANDON TYNAN

(Continued from Second Page.)

Robert Emmet was defeated, as he imagined, by accident, or ignorance, but it never occurred to him that he was betrayed, that every design of his was frustrated, every project neutralized as effectually as if a traitor had stolen into the camp of an enemy, seduced the sentinels, corrupted the guards, discovered the plans, disconnected the project and then left the adversary to be forced into the field and discomfited there.

In his own account of the disaster, written in Kilmainham Jail, Emmet thus describes some of the disappointments:

"The man who was to turn the fuses and rammers for the beams (filled with explosives) forgot them; and went off to Kildare to bring men, and did not return till the next day. The consequence was that all the beams were not loaded, nor mounted with wheels, nor the train bags of course fastened on to explode them."

"The person who had the management of the depot mixed, by accident, the slow matches that were prepared with what were not, and all our labor went for nothing."

"The fuses for the grenades he had also laid by where he forgot them, and could not find them in the crowd."

"The cramp irons could not be got in time from the smiths, to whom we would not communicate the necessity of dispatch; and the scaling ladders

were not finished (but one). Money came in at 5 o'clock; and the trusty men of the depot, who alone knew the town, were obliged to be sent out to buy up blunderbusses; for the people refused to act without some."

"To change the day was impossible, for I expected the counties to act, and feared to lose the advantage of surprise. The Kildare men were coming in for three days, and after that it was impossible to draw back. Had I another week—had I one thousand pounds—had I one thousand men—would have feared nothing. There was redundancy enough in any one part to have made up, if complete, for deficiency in the rest; but there was failure in all—plan, preparation, and men."

At 8 o'clock in the evening a number of the leaders who had come into the city from nearby country places in advance of their men went out to dinner at the house of Mr. John Hevey, a merchant, of 41 Thomas Court. The attack was to be made about 10.

About 9 o'clock, when Robert Emmet was beginning to reflect on the failure of all his preparations, the holding back of the people on whom he mainly relied, Michael Quigley rushed into the depot and gave an alarm, which turned out to be a false one. He said: "We are all lost; the army is coming on us." Then it was that Robert Emmet determined to meet death in the street, rather than wait to be cooped up with his followers in his den and massacred there,

or captured and reserved for the scaffold. He put on his uniform, gave his orders to distribute arms, and after sending up a single rocket, sallied into Thomas Street with about eighty men, who were joined there, perhaps, by as many more, before they were abreast of Vicar Street.

The design of Emmet was to attack the garrison, besiege the Lord Lieutenant and the Privy Council, which was then in session, as well as the officers of the government, and hold them as hostages. Next day the counties would act, notified of his success by hill-top fires that night.

Emmet sallied forth in his uniform of green and gold, first sending word to the other leaders to be up and stirring. That word was never carried.

The motley assemblage of armed men marched along Thomas Street without discipline, with their ill-fated leader at their head, who was endeavoring to maintain order, with the assistance of Captain Stafford, a man who appears to have remained close to him throughout this scene, and faithful to him to the last. Between the front ranks and the rear there was a considerable distance, and it was in vain that Stafford and others called on them repeatedly, and sometimes with imprecations, to close their ranks, or they would be cut to pieces by the army. They were in this state about 9:30, when Robert Emmet, with the main body, was close to the old market house. The stragglers in their rear soon commenced acts of pillage and assassination.

A Mr. Leech, of the custom house, was passing through Thomas Street in a hackney coach, when he was stopped by the paid spies in the crowd. They

dragged him out of the coach without any cause, and robbed, and stabbed him. Then happened the crowning catastrophe.

Lord Kilwarden, his daughter and a valet, named Wolfe, were escorted by a horseman into Thomas Street at this moment. The horseman wheeled and fled at sight of the armed body. He was afterward said by many who got a glimpse of his face that he was Richard Lacey!

The carriage had proceeded about half way past the broken line when a man who had been known about the depots as "Mad Channon," and who used to say that Lord Kilwarden had put him to the torture of the pike and thrust him at it with a roar of rage and thrust his pike through the body of Lord Kilwarden. The clergyman was dragged out and killed. Emmet, hearing of what was going on, rushed back and saved the lady from the frenzied crowd. At that moment a bugle call rang out sharply from the castle, and out of the gate trotted a detachment of dragoons, with Captain Sturgeon at their head. Up, Cutpurse row came the cavalcade, halted, and began to fire on the insurgents. In vain Emmet tried to rally them. In a few minutes he and Captain Stafford stood alone awaiting the coming swoop of the cavalry charge.

It never came. For some reason Captain Sturgeon wheeled his men about, content with his victory, without attempting to make prisoners. The rout was general in less than an hour from the time the insurgents sallied forth from the depot. The only place where anything like resistance was made was on the Coombe, where Colonel Brown was killed, also two

members of the Liberty Rangers, Messrs. Edmonston and Parker. The guardhouse of the Coombe had been unsuccessfully attacked, though with great determination, by another party. A great many dead bodies were found there.

Infamy rejoiced that night; the lamb was fat for the slaughter.

## CHAPTER X.

## The Humble Heroine.

All alone, with an overcoat concealing his gray uniform, poor Emmet made his way out to the house in Butterfield Lane. Near it he was joined by Dowdall, Quigley, and two brothers named Parrot. The first words of Emmet were that it was not a defeat but merely a postponement. The country would do what the city had failed in. They approached the house very cautiously.

Anne Devlin saw them outside of her house in the yard; she was at that moment sending off a man on horseback with ammunition in a sack, and bottles filled with powder. Anne called out, "Who's there?" Robert Emmet answered, "It's I, Anne." She said, "Oh, had welcome to you, is the world lost by you, you cowards that you are, to lead the people to destruction, and then to leave them?" Robert Emmet said, "Don't blame us, the fault is not ours."

They then came in. Quigley was present, but they did not unbind him, Emmet and the others told Anne afterward that Quigley was the cause of the failure, but they did not seem to think his premature alarm was intentionally false.

The party stayed all that night and the next day at the house in Butterfield

Lane, and strange to say no search was made of it. It may be that home was the last place the defeated leader was expected to turn to.

But the next day after a troop of yeomen, under command of one Major Brook, came up and searched the house from top to bottom. Anne Devlin was seized on when they first rushed in. She was kept below by three or four of the yeomen with their fixed bayonets pointed at her, and so close to her body that she could feel their points. When the others came down she was examined. She said she knew nothing in the world about the gentlemen, except that she was the maid-servant. Where they came from and where they went she knew nothing about, and so long as her wages were paid she cared to know nothing else about them.

Major Brook pressed her to tell the truth; he threatened her with death if she did not tell; she persisted in asserting her total ignorance of Mr. Ellis's acts and movements, and of those of all the other gentlemen. At length the major gave the word to hang her, and she was dragged into the courtyard to be executed. There was a common cart there. They tilted up the shafts and fixed a rope from the back band that goes across the shafts, and while these preparations were making for her execution the yeomen kept her standing against the wall of the house, prodding her with their bayonets in the arms and shoulders, till she was covered all over with blood (a young woman then of about twenty-six years of age), and saying to her at every thrust of the bayonet, "Will you confess now? Will you tell now where Mr. Ellis is?" Her constant answer was, "I have nothing to tell; I will tell nothing!"

The rope was at length put about her neck; she was dragged to the place where the cart was converted into a gallows; she was placed under it, and the end of the rope was passed over the back band. The question was put to her for the last time, "Will you confess where Mr. Ellis is?" Her answer was, "You may murder me, you villains, but not one word about him will you ever get from me." She had just time to say, "The Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul," when a tremendous shout was raised by the yeomen; the rope was pulled by all of them, except those who held down the back part of the cart, and in an instant she was suspended by the neck.

After she had been suspended for two or three minutes her feet touched the ground, and a savage yell of laughter recalled her to her senses. The rope round her neck was taken off, and she fell. She was lifted to a standing position by bayonets thrust into her armpits, and the rope was again put round her neck.

Why this was she knew the next moment, when she saw Major Sirr present on horseback.

"I will give you £500," said he, "spare you further torture, and set you free if you tell. It's a fine torture for a young woman."

Her answer, unprintable here, was the same fit expression of noble scorn that the captain of the Old Guard gave at Waterloo to the English demand for surrender. For this does Hugo glorify his countryman; for this should Ireland ever honor noble Anne Devlin.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)